

It was you

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It was you by NerdysNova

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Summary:

Eddie loved his friends, but he hated sleepovers. All the other losers managed to sleep soundly through the night, but not Eddie. He was always suddenly bolting upright. Head filled with twisting and turning thoughts and noises and faces. He hated it when one person inevitably awoke and saw him like that. He hated looking weak. He wasn't a child anymore. He could take care of himself. Which is why he felt a bit of perverse delight along with reasonable concern when someone was injured. He would be able to help them, to take care of them, to prove he was capable. The delight simply wasn't there the night he saw how broken Richie was.

Aka Richie has a nightmare and Eddie comforts him. (It's fluffier than it seems)

It was you

Author's Note:

Takes place at a group sleepover in case that's unclear. Enjoy.

Eddie loved his friends, but he hated sleepovers. All the other losers managed to sleep soundly through the night, but not Eddie. He was always suddenly bolting upright. Head filled with twisting and turning thoughts and noises and faces. He hated it when one person inevitably awoke and saw him like that. He hated looking weak. He wasn't a child anymore. He could take care of himself. Which is why he felt a bit of perverse delight along with reasonable concern when someone was injured. He would be able to help them, to take care of them, to prove he was capable. The delight simply wasn't there the night he saw how broken Richie was.

He was torn out of sleep by muffled noises. He turned and looked next to him. The blankets were moving. Someone was crying.

"Richie?" Eddie rubbed his eyes and mumbled groggily. Richie's nest of blankets jerked in response.

"Richie? I'm going to move the covers so... if you're jacking off... please don't be jacking off." Eddie pulled away the blankets.

Richie's eyes were squeezed tight and fear was etched clearly onto his face.

"Richie!" Eddie whispered and shook his shoulder. Richie's eyes snapped open.

"Eddie?" he whispered in disbelief. Eddie nodded. "Are you o-" Richie yanked him into a hug. He was still shaking. Eddie was shocked at first, but quickly melted into the hug, trying to soothe his friend. He didn't feel any of the excitement he usually felt when someone scraped their knee. As he rubbed Richie's back silently he felt a completely different emotion. Something he couldn't quite place.

"You're okay, Rich." Eddie muttered into the crook of Richie's neck. He kissed his forehead.

"You're okay." He felt his face heat up.

Why had he done that?

Why had it felt so natural?

Richie whimpered into Eddie's shoulder. He was doubled over himself for the height difference to work but he didn't care. It was helping.

"Lets go somewhere else." Eddie whispered. He had no idea what he was saying. Eddie kaspbrak, was suggesting they sneak out. Since when did he ever do that? Eddie took one look at Richie's face and decided. Eddie Kaspbrak suggested things like sneaking out since now.

They crept up another set of stairs and out a window, onto the roof. Richie staid uncharacteristically silent, staring at Eddie, clinging to him, as if he was worried he'd disappear.

"Do you want to tell me why you woke up crying?" Eddie prompted after a while of silence.

This seemed to snap richie out of whatever trance he was in. He smiled sadly.

"Nah, don't worry yourself, Eds."

"Don't call me that," Eddie rolled his eyes fondly. "And I'm already worried so don't start that shit, either."

"You're truly a peach, deeah. A geeorgeeah-"

"Beep beep, Asswipe." Eddie chuckled.

The music of crickets filled the silence.

"It was a nightmare." Richie whispered. Eddie turned to him. He was folding in on himself, hugging his knees to his chest. Eddie waited for him to say more.

He didn't.

"I kind of figured that." Eddie nodded slowly moving closer to Richie. Richie turned his eyes away.

"I- I was thinking about it." He was trembling. "About all its faces. And the room. It-" Richie seemed to choke on his own voice.

"Hey, hey. Calm down." Eddie tried to coax Richie into looking at him. "Breathe." Eddie was glad he knew breathing exercises because Richie was a mess. "They can't hurt you anymore." Eddie whispered

into his hair. He pressed a kiss to Richie's head again. "You're safe." Richie just kept shaking his head. "No." He muttered. "What do you mean no?" Eddie asked pulling away. "You're okay." Richie shook his head.

"Are you okay?" Eddie asked.

Richie nodded.

"Then everything's fine." Eddie moved in for a hug again, but Richie refused him. He shook his head again. "No."

"Richie, what's wrong?"

Richie didn't answer.

"Fine, don't say anything and make me worry. Let's just go back inside." Eddie opened the window. Richie grabbed his arm.

"It was you."

"What?"

"When it lured me into the clown room..." Richie trailed off. Eddie moved so that the bespectacled boy had no choice but to look at him.

"It was you. It knew I'd go after you." Richie picked at the roof tiles.

"It didn't even bother trying to be convincing." He laughed bitterly.

"In the dream it—"

"I'd go after you too, Rich." Eddie whispered. Richie froze. "What?"

"I'd walk into a room full of lepers if I thought you were in there." Eddie said simply. Richie smiled. It was a gooey smile, spreading across his face like butter.

"Are you okay?"

Richie nodded. "Let's not go inside just yet."

Eddie sat back on the roof and gazed at the sky. He glanced at Richie to find he was already looking. His face turned pink. Richie slowly intertwined their fingers.

Richie's hands were probably filthy.... Eddie didn't want him to let go.

"The stars... um.. they're pretty."

"Yeah. You know who's prettier?"

Eddie felt warmth spread across his cheeks.

"Who?"

“Your mom.” Richie grinned.

Eddie shoved him. “I will push you off this roof, Tozier!”

Author's Note:

Thanks for reading. This was one of my first reddie fics. Please leave feedback and/or requests.